

Who are you by Marchioness_wiles

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Summary:

The mornings were still cold and work at the Slow paced greenhouse is all but literally putting Steve to sleep. Until he hears a rumbling car pull into the parking lot.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Got a better title?

I used how I met my bf as inspiration unfortunately I got for pushover types (I like being dom lol) so I think his personality seeped in a little which is not what I wanted but whatever. Funny story for the first week we were dating (as in talking to each other before the real thing) I didn't know his name. Anyway it's been a min since I've watched the show so writing things that match their personalities is something I'm just not even trying with this one.

Oh and my 14 year old 'Walmart laptop' as a computer fix it person put it ran out of space while writing this. So clearing space will be a nice time consuming activity meaning the next chapter will take me longer than a week. That is if your actually looking forward to it and if not great please tell me lol I'll only make this a 2 chapter thing then (everything even if bad needs a conclusion).

Oh and I stopped explain every reaction they have (due to a readers suggestion) so conclude things for yourself for once lol.

The mornings were still cold even the sun didn't immediately chase the chill away; Most likely because it wasn't quite spring yet though signs of its coming were starting to pop up everywhere filling people with anticipation. The owner of True River greenhouse Joyce knew this and had started getting in flowers of all kinds and colors in preparation. In turn the year round stock of houseplants, succulents and windowsill sized herbs were hung or moved to smaller sections on either side of the main building; All to make room in the center where the sun shines through the most for everything new to be perfectly displayed for their many customers.

Though it was strange, today it wasn't anywhere close to how busy it usually gets in the shop when spring is this close. It was almost 12

but only a few of the regular granny's and one goth couple had come in, which even for a plant shop was a slow morning. Nancy had been sent home for the day to make up for it so staffing was down to just three Steve, Heather and the shop mascot Richie who was always on the job. Though Richie the stores adopted tabby cat was currently hiding and probably having a nap somewhere deep in the shop, he ironically often preferred to come out when things got more busy. The one granny still strolling the aisles making her pick of the many mint variants wasn't obviously wasn't enough for him.

It was a fight to stay awake; Steve's eyes were getting heavy the soothing warmth the greenhouse always had wasn't helping and there was no visual stimulation to keep him from nodding off behind the only register counter. He let himself slouch over in the stool elbow moving to the counter to prop his head on his hand but before his eyes closed a rumbling engine came into ear shot; Something Steve wouldn't have paid attention to it if he didn't hear the car moments later pull in the parking lot and shut off. Maybe some granny's husband had gotten their show car out of storage for the semi warm weather already. How cute they were probably on a shopping date.

After a few seconds the large rolling door pushed open for the umpteenth time that day but only enough for a man to walk in but also still enough to send a rolling chill of the outside air toward Steve behind the counter. He was shocked from his nearly sleeping state sitting up immediately; Dark cocky eyebrows and rebel curls were now fueling his mind awake. Definitely not a cute old couple but he was all the same pleasing to the eye in a very different way; there wasn't an odd angle to be spotted on his profile and the way he was dressed he must be a former high school rocker punk if Steve ever saw one. Heather would be melting if she wasn't in the back storage right now. Too bad for her Steve was feeling too selfish to call her to the front; Heather without a doubt would walk in her perfect hair somehow unaffected by the hot humid air of the green house and would steal any ogling and talking time Steve might get.

Quickly the guy stepped in eyes bright taking in what was in front of him boots clicking on the concrete with every step. Strange Steve though, the shop he works at carries more than most in the area but

nothing profoundly unique or overly interesting; maybe he's a newbie or high. Or maybe not, the guy moved to the spider plants hanging low above some of the few remaining oxalis's marketed for St. Patrick's Day, he picked two of the healthiest looking wasting no time on anything else.

As he walked straight for the register counter he still had every ounce of cool he'd walked in with even as he was carrying something that screamed domestic normalcy. The guys face stayed on the side of neutral which for him seemed to look like silent anger but his eyes expressed a joy as vibrant as their blue color; Steve was feeling a little nauseated by the sudden extreme burst of energy they brought into the calm vibe the store usually had even on busy days. Steve's own eyes started drifting over him; The guy as a whole seemed to represent energy gold hair, tan skin and muscles built with dedication noticeable even under an jean jacket and old loose black shirt even the way he walked was paranormally charged. When he reached Steve he set the plants down no fuss no words, and maybe because he's used to chatty granny's or maybe because the guy looked like a dream and was probably near Steve's age he felt the need to start talking.

"That's 14.68" they guy took his wallet out thumbing at the cash inside "Spider plants are a nice starter."

"Yeah?" his voice came out low rivaling the sound of his car

"Yeah it's one of the reasons they're super common."

He looked at Steve head cocked slightly to the side as he handed cash over "This is the first time I've found some. I didn't even know its name."

Has he been looking for this plant? "Hmmm could be because one person buys one then all of their friends get at least half a dozen baby plants for free." The guy chuckled when Steve said friends.

"Babies?"

Steve wasn't even a woman but hearing him say babies had something jumping inside him. He also now knew for sure this guys a

novice “under the right conditions every now and again what looks like a stem will start to grow from here and smaller ‘baby’ versions of the plant will grow on that stem.” The guy nodded like a school child pretending they believed what the teacher just told them, most people without any think new plants can only come from seeds.

Steve handed his change and a recipe over “Thanks for the lesson”

“Anyone who works here will answer any questions you have in the future” the guy looked down obviously Steve doesn’t have tits to ogle but he did have a name tag; without another word he was picking up the plants turning for the big door. Steve quick moved to pull it open further than necessary ignoring the creeping chill as the guy left with a bemused smirk at Steve “come back soon.” He watched him leave catching an eyeful of his perfect ass before he rolled the door back in place not wanting to be caught. He instantly regretted it, he’d never see that guy again.

Reaching his post the sound of the guys car roared to life in the parking lot sitting for a minute before pulling away and like a caffeine crash his energy was depleted again; he wasn’t sure how he’d stay awake the rest of the day.

Spring had finally come, the chill in the mornings left with the first rays of the sun and some of the flowers had begun to fully bloom; Their smell consumed the air in the greenhouse and filled the building with large bright patches of every color. Business had started picking up faster than the temperatures, the house mothers, cat parent types and your basic everyday people were coming out again buying house plants and trunk fulls of flowers for their tables and yard decorating. It’d soon become a fight to keep flowers on the grated greenhouse tables. Even more so since they’d found themselves short one employee today. Nancy had called in sick leaving Steve, Heather and Robin shorthanded handling the first of the spring crowds.

Robin as always had decided on manning the register despite it now

keeping her busy as ever, he suspected she only preferred it because she could sit down nearly the whole day. Heather and Steve were managing stock, checking displays, offering customers their help and knowledge and occasionally helping tote trays of plants to customer's cars. Though he had lost sight of Heather five minutes ago, so she was probably lost in the back going through stock finding something somehow better than what was already out for a picky customer. Richie was even out today enjoying the scratches from all the women with long painted nails and getting his picture taken from every angle when he'd roll over to bask in the sun.

Everyone was doing their part, getting in a rhythm and everything was moving along no problems; Time started passing without anyone caring the day as a whole was moving smoothly like most days do when the weather heats up. Work didn't feel like a necessary responsibility on days like this and life seemed easy for a while.

They hit the lull without even noticing and time returned to its usual slow pace with less customers keeping them running; Heather noticing this opportunity had gone for her lunch break, Steve's was next after her but until then he was wandering the isles looking for more work. He noticed the assorted succulents were low in number as always; Why they were becoming so popular anyone could guess, a lot of them live through neglect and plus they're cheap enough some people just let them die and buy more the next month. Rather cruel and wasteful but human.

As he was turning toward the backroom a low gruff "excuse me" voiced behind him.

It was the embodiment of the sun or perhaps the sun was just drawn to him, the way its rays dance in his curls made it seem like it was trying to claim him. Today he was wearing a pale blue factory uniform type button up with a white undershirt. The sleeves were rolled up and the top buttons were open showing off some of the muscles Steve had only gotten to see outlines of under his clothing the first time. He snapped back into the present instinctually putting on his employee smile and said the line he was told to use like it was his own words "what can I help you with?"

"I'm killing them" the crease between his brows deepened making his

silent angry look seem more vocal contradicting his calm tone.

Steve wanted to laugh, with a glare this guy was saying something that anywhere else would be concerning. "Why don't you tell me what you're doing and maybe I can help you conclude the issue occurring." Or maybe he should entertain himself, this guy was a factory of curious questions for Steve with a face he'd stare at all day; "Actually I have a break coming up we can sit outside and you can take your time, uh only if you want."

Steve saw something unidentifiable flash over his features before he spoke "yea sure"

"Great"

In front of the green house to the right there's a fountain with two cement benches on opposite sides; Bright colored flowers were decoratively placed around the foot path to get to it all. That's where he told spider plant guy to go. And there he was waiting on the bench shaded by the buildings mass, elbows on his spread thighs hands fidgeting with a half smoked cigarette; his eyes lingered over the fountain with what was probably boredom. Steve walked over and without thinking casually sat down too close, he scooted away a little trying not to be obvious. The guy sat up slightly not directly looking at him but turning toward Steve not noticing his internal panic.

Steve didn't let another moment of silence pass "Did you water them everyday"

"Yeah" cigarette pinched between his thumb and middle finger moved to his lips

Of course, so many guys come here because they've done that to plants their girlfriends or mothers gave them; "That's the problem you should only water those plants after the dirt has dried, your drowning them"

He let the smoke pour from his mouth "Shit"

"Yea they're strong enough to take some water neglect and recover

but too much can be an irreversible death sentence”

“I got two thinking I might kill one but both of them started dying on me and because of that”

He really wants to have one? why? “Why the spider plant”

The guy looked over to Steve his blue eyes and expression told him he'd asked something dumb. Silence fell over them both the only thing heard was the sounds of business in the background and the tweeting of birds. He turned his head before he spoke. “It was one of the things I remember from when I was just getting memories as a kid, I saw them growing for years and I eventually watched them wither and die slowly to. I don't really know why I want to own any at all now.”

“I get that man” Steve let his hand pat the guys shoulder out of habit, heat from embarrassment flushed over his face when the guy looked at where he was touching before his eyes flicked to his. Those easy going touchy granny's were ruining him. He really couldn't do this. “Sorry; anyway I hope I could help you save those plants and some money but I should go.” Giving a customer friendly smile as he pointed toward the entrance like this guy didn't know. “Me and any of the girls won't mind helping in the future.”

His brows pinched looking Steve in the eye for a moment “Your telling me you wasted part of your break to say that and immediately leave”

“Uh well”

Brows still pinched a smirk spread on his face “You've looked me over with drool dripping from the side of your mouth both times I've come here”

He knows “you can't tell anyone”

He smiled a genuine toothy smile “I'm not outing you I'm giving you a chance but you were to chicken shit to follow through, you're lucky you look as good as you do” he took another drag of his cigarette

He's like Steve. “How are you that cocky”

Smoke puffed out with his words "I think you mean insightful; I wasn't even sure until you basically asked me on a work break date"

A level above a whisper "I don't even know your name but you've analyzed my life"

"Billy"

"I'm Steve"

"I know" Silence spread between them again before Billy huffed in a deep breath "well as hopeful as I was I gotta go I'm on my break to and I'm sure I've exceeded my 30 minutes"

Guilt pang through him "Oh, Oh no you have to go now then. Why did you do this with me?" Steve shot up employee instincts kicking in making him say "Come again soon" as he sped walked away feeling a little thankful to get away from any more chances of embarrassing himself. Though when he reached the large door he had to turn to get one more glance, he found Billy looking low on his body. Heat shot to his face again as he watched Billy's eyes drift up his frame catching on his face. With a wave he walked through the large door wanting to hide himself immediately. He stood there door closed behind him letting his mind catch up with what just happened. He had to move aside for some customers the hanging spider plants caught his eye in the process providing something to analyze and distract himself with. Maybe he should save one in the back just in case, they hardly ordered any and a good number of them were already gone.

"A friend of yours?" Heather appeared next to him jolting him from his mind.

"No just another guy who was drowning his plants" thankfully he'd calmed down already.

"Makes sense you haven't made any new friends since me and Robin; speaking of why don't you get to your lunch and eat so you can let her have her break."

Billy's car started in the parking lot both him and Heather looking

back as if they could see through the wall. “Ok bye” and he was off again running now from Heathers questions, trying not to think about Billy as he snagged one of the hanging plants heading for the back. For once he was wishing the day would end faster.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks to everyone who left kudos and those who commented (didn't wanna mention usernames in case they didn't want that).

Didn't know what time/year to put them in so I just kept things relatively vague until now, still vague but def set in pre iPhone times.

I tried using my imagination but came up with a pile of cringe ideas so I again used one of my dates with my boyfriend as inspiration. Which if your curious I summarized it in the bottom note.

Oh and the next chapter is the last in the bottom note I reveal my relative plans for it so feel free to tell me your opinion or don't do as you please. Oh and this second chapter took me a good min to find time to write but I'm sure the next will be up within a week, tho no promises.

Wait one more thing billy for me will always be a top I just don't really vibe with the other way around so sorry If that's your preference.

He hasn't seen Billy since that day and despite it only being four days since he even learned his name he still gets nervous at the thought of him not coming back. It's to the point that He tenses up when someone walks through the greenhouses door because it could be him; Everything that hinted to Billy shot a rush of panic through him. Like a tease any car even close to sounding likes his raised goose bumps on the back of Steve's neck. Any curled blonde hair sent his mind through a whirlwind of imagined scenarios. He was losing his mind waiting hoping Billy would come back because him coming back is the only way he'll see him again and get a second chance.

Heather had picked up on his stressed dazed state and for the last two days she'd been bringing up every problem she knew he'd ever had; even now on a slow Thursday she sat on the counter talking to Steve instead of working.

“You know it’s still kind of weird how you and Nancy are so cool with each other despite dating.”

All Steve had to offer was a sigh.

“I mean I think it’s great that you ‘moved’ on so well but you gotta start expanding your world beyond this store; Obviously dating coworkers will never work out for you not that I wouldn’t marry you in a heartbeat, but I think you need to find you a new lady before I actually start pity fucking you.”

He couldn’t use any other tone than sarcasm “Great I’d ask for a blowjob right now but it seems your mouth is busy chewing on my ego.”

That earned him an open palm slap to his arm “go restack the mulch now jackass, I’m taking over the register.”

“Sure thing miss newest appointed manager.”

Restacking the mulch was one of the few shit jobs he always got stuck with; Being the only male that worked at the greenhouse meant anything involving heavy lifting was almost always pawned on him; Not that he minded doing it so all the girls would stay happy with him and he could get a little exercise. His hate of it came from how sweaty he’d get and it was still early in the day so this was becoming a double whammy fuck you provided by Heather.

He started moving the large bags of mulch from one group of wood pallets in the back to the designated ones in the front room; why did they do it like this he wasn’t sure, they must be particular about the pallets they use for in store and deliveries; Though when it comes to it he wasn’t going to worry about it he just needed to get it done. A quarter of the way through he found his mind relaxing getting lost in the repetitive task moving through it like it was nothing even when he started to really sweat.

His hair was damp and sticking to his face and neck but he didn’t dare touch it without being able to see if he’d only fuck it up more. With the last bag over his shoulder he walked it to the rest letting it thump down. Relief flooded him, now to give Heather some shit

before he went on her upcoming break time.

He was walking to the front when he saw him he was facing away from Steve but he was sure it was him. His blonde hair, his muscle broad shoulders pushing against a stiff blue shirt, but a peak of Heather's hair being flipped behind his figure sinks Steve's stomach. Heather's laugh radiated in the air, a laugh Steve loved now felt like a threat in his ears.

"Shit" his head was spinning.

Now that Billy was in front of him he realized he hadn't planned what he was going to do when he saw him. Though in his gut he knew he had no plans on letting Billy be able to just disappear like last time; He was going to make him crave his attention like he had been craving Billy's the past few days. Or maybe just get his phone number maybe that's a better goal. Sweat dripped from the back of his neck tickling the raised nerves from Billy's presence; he'd forgotten for a second, he probably looked like shit, whatever he had to go now before Heather bust out her cleavage, if this guy was bi to Steve would have no chance.

Getting closer to them he hoped his disheveled look was more like a well framed movie scene where when Billy looks at him everything will shift to slowmo as he takes him in; In reality it's probably more like a scene where he truly looks like crap to provide comedic relief for everyone except him. He wiped away as much sweat from his face as he could primping his hair then two ideas pinged into his head; An evil grin curled his lips.

Reaching them he walked behind the counter to swing an arm around Heather immediately feeling her noncommittedly try to pull away. There's no way she'd show any anger in front of Billy so pushing away his sweaty arm was off the table for her "Hey Heather."

"Steve, Billy here said he was looking for you, now I'm sure you told me you guys weren't friends but to think you lied." She really wasn't happy he'd appeared he teeth were practically grit as she'd talked.

He ruffled her hair before letting her go "I'm going on break" he turned hoping Billy was following him; As he reached the door he

tuned his head only enough to see Billy in the corner of his eye, relief had him taking in a deep breath. He lead him to the same spot they had sat before; Billy sat down but before sitting down himself Steve gripped the hem of his shirt bringing it up to wipe the remaining sweat on his face revealing his toned stomach. He may not have basketball to keep him motivated to work out but he wasn't about to let himself go. He let his shirt drop finding a surprised easy going smile on Billy's face as his eyes flick up to Steve's.

"I see coming back was a good idea"

Billy was interested, Steve had to sit down before the heat running to his face became too much "I have my watch on me so we can keep track.....so you're not late....again. Since you're on break?"

He laughed lightly "Yeah but you don't need to worry I'm leading today" his pink tongue over white teeth fill Steve's thoughts. "Heather told me you have the weekend off so how about I pick you up tomorrow and buy you food."

"Uh yeah" that was easy.

That's how he ended up passenger side in Billy's Chevrolet Camaro sitting in near complete silence; The sound of the car's engine was the only thing filling the air and like any white noise it was soothing and ominous; It was killing Steve, in his head he was cursing himself trying to calm his anxieties trying to not fuck up even though the near quietness made him feel he'd already failed. It was mind fucking taunting him, it'd been a while since he'd put himself out there for someone but he'd never had so much trouble just talking casually with anyone.

He knew he needed to calm down needed something to suffocate the billowing thoughts burning at his confidence; His surroundings, they were a perfect distraction from his own mind. Billy's car was clean, no trash, no collected dust, no scratches or stains, neat just like its owner. It smelled like the cologne he'd caught faintly on him before, mixed with his musk from many long past sweaty days, it was kind of hot. His eyes drifted toward Billy roaming low over how his jeans

stretched against his thighs and how his tucked in shirt didn't even try to hide his flat torso underneath; Not wanting to look directly at his face Steve instead diverted to looking at the gauges, a full tank, and wait was that really how fast he was driving. They were on a rural road but that only means you'd probably hit an animal way before coming across a cop.

His eyes finally land on Billy's face "In a rush to get to get there."

There was a short pause before he spoke "Shit just a habit; didn't mean to scare you, should of known"

"I'm not scared"

Billy sped up even more shooting a gleeful smile over to Steve who caught his own reflection in his sunglasses "So this won't be a problem."

He felt a smile pull on his lips "asshole" this only made Billy laugh, freeing something in Steve. "We might miss a turn if you keep distracting both of us like this." Though honestly he felt like he was so light right now Billy slowing would only be disappointing.

"It'd only be a little extra time to back track if I do and I've already planned on a long drive, an extra minute won't hurt."

"You don't mind the long drive?"

"I have this car because I enjoy driving and I was told this place was worth it."

"So you're ideal for long road trips."

"I'm ideal in every way, well apparently not to you" Billy flashed those white teeth again his sarcasm every bit readable.

"I get the feeling you're used to getting chased instead of putting work in yourself pretty boy."

He saw dark brows rise up above the edge of his sunglasses when he laughed "You have some bark for someone so socially awkward."

“I, well.... shut up and drive.”

“You know you don’t want that.”

“What’s your favorite color?”

“Always so random.”

The tension he had earlier was long forgotten without a notice as the space between them started closing fast showing Steve he was as perfect as his smile. Billy answered his every question asking Steve some of his own. He discovered Billy had recently moved into the area only because he was scouted from his previous job; Though he hadn’t wanted to move out to a nowhere town so he’d made extreme demands and they gave into all but one of them so he decided he had to at least try it out. Despite his efforts the conversation eventually shifted to high school, Steve kept everything vague pushing focus on Billy; Turns out they’d both had played basketball at some point, which lead to a 1v1 challenge.

Things shifted when Billy’s love of rock came up and their upbeat conversation turned to them listening to one of Billy’s favorite CD’s; Steve felt himself relax into the music and the warmth of the day feeling safe enough to allow his mind to drift a little. It was impossible how familiar he was starting to feel with this guy he’d originally thought was a passing face. Looking over at him now Steve had a feeling Billy could just drive like this with him forever, but he immediately reminded himself to stay realistic, he could fuck this up at any moment.

“So you have no clue where we are?” They were pulled over on some lost back road the only thing to be seen were empty fields and forests. They had been driving around for a while looking for the turn they had missed; It was already 4:26 and the sun already looked as dreary in the sky as their hope felt.

Of course he had fucked this up of course he had wasted Billy’s time and gas playing confident trying to find a place he’d never been. “Well not no clue, I can get us back home but yeah sorry I’m sure

we'll never find the restaurant." Steve had let the music and easy chatting distract him and let Billy drive the wrong way for who knows how long before he noticed his confusion.

"Shit sorry guess I should get better directions next time." Billy's hands pressed against his face fingers under his sunglasses pressing on his closed eyelids "I don't wanna sit here long enough for this to turn into children of the corn."

"What should we do?" somehow Billy didn't even look upset when he moved his hands from his face. Steve knew he had to make this ok somehow he couldn't let all their time go to waste because he never travels from his little town and Billy is still learning the area.

"Well do you know anywhere else to go I promised you food at the very least."

"I know where we can go" if living in an area surrounded by nearly nothing but farms had taught him anything its there's always a random dollar store and gas station nearby each other somewhere. So that's where he took him to the closest dollar store and in view not too far as expected stood a gas station that was obviously a converted old building. For what it's worth Billy didn't seem the slightest put off just amused as Steve indiscriminately picked out a few things of chips, cookies and two sodas; Even though everything was some brand imitating the Bastardized version of some name brand product. He did look a little confused when Steve grabbed a large thin beach towel from the displays set up for summer. But Billy didn't question him even as Steve led him back from where they'd come. He had remembered an area they had passed that he was sure Billy would maybe like.

"A lake."

"Yea you said you already were missing the beach; is this weird?"

He actually laughed "no something tells me this is just how things should be with you."

Great he knows Steve is awkward and weird now "well also look no one's around."

“Cause the waters definitely still cold.”

“That only means no bugs either.”

Bag of dollar store buys in hand Steve got out of the car leading Billy with no words again hoping he'd just follow him if he started walking. And he did. Steve pulled out the towel a few feet from the water laying it out dropping the bag next to it, as he sat on the front edge moving to take his now sandy shoes off; Behind him he heard a exhaled laugh before Billy sat on the farthest edge from him, a daunting distance to Steve.

“Let me use your lap” he stared into Steve’s eyes until he realized he should scoot more on the towel for Billy, so he did; Without hesitation he laid on his back head heavy on Steve’s thighs, his sunglasses still on but Steve could vaguely see his eyes closed behind them. Holding himself back from running his fingers through his golden curls was like watching ice cream melt in the sun on a hot day instead of eating it “you’re staring pretty hard right now” he chuckled.

“Oh sorry” a cool breeze swept over them cooling the fresh blush on his face and rustling the bag. He’d already forgotten about the food but now that he remembered he wanted to binge away his reemerging nerves. He swiped up a package of cookies ripping the plastic open shoving one in his mouth before setting them to his side. Billy held his mouth open telling Steve he wanted one so with near trembling fingers he gently placed one in his mouth; Like a dream he again knocked Steve’s nerves away making him laugh as he ate the cookie not using his hands just biting it in half with a grin.

They sat enjoying the weather and bland snacks in relative silence but unlike before Steve felt assured it was a good moment of calm in which no words or music was needed to fill the space between them. They could just breathe with things as they were and let time pass without a worry. He was almost sure Billy had even fallen asleep for a short while.

“You’re lucky it’s so late in the day or I’m sure with how pale you are you’d already have a nice sunburn going by now.”

Steve had been leaning back on his palms head tilted back; When he looked down Billy had taken his sunglasses off so blue eyes gifted with a smile met him “whose staring now.”

Billy’s hand came up rough and warm sinking into Steve’s hair ghosting over his ear; did he want him to lean down? Billy’s tongue peeked between his lips; Well even if he doesn’t Steve can blame him for sending mixed signals. His eyes focused on parted lips as he started to lean down bending awkwardly to land a slow crooked kiss, his lips were soft and slightly wet against his own. Billy chased the kiss as Steve started to pull away and when he was too far to reach he laid his head with a soft thump back in his lap. Billy’s hand had disappeared from his skin but at some point Steve’s own had found its way into blonde curls.

“Well that was a little awkward of an angle”

“I didn’t think after you’ve been so shy you’d actually do it”

“Why are you so focused on me making the first move every time?” fingers feeling impatient started slow strokes through his curls.

“It’s more I like watching the assurance in your eyes when you decide something despite you fumbling over yourself.”

The heat bubbling inside had him wanting to deflect “Well that isn’t creepy at all.”

“You brought me to an empty lake almost in the middle of nowhere”

“It wasn’t planned”

“That I know but we’re still alone” Billy started to turn over pushing himself up fully sitting up next to Steve.

“This was just a bonus of my stupidity.”

“You’re not stupid, I got us lost you quick turned everything around.”

He wasn’t going to sour the mood by trying to argue especially not after hearing something nice. His eyes flicked to Billy’s mouth then up before he started to lean in stopping just short “shut up.” Then he

closed the last inch kissing him and softening the harshness of his words and before he had the chance to pull away Billy was pulling him in; His mouth opening slightly invitingly a gently demand for Steve to cross the line first. With testing licks he pushed into Billy's mouth, he could feel the vibration on his tongue from the approving sound he made. Something hot and slow quickly turned into a burning fast grab to pull each other against the others body. Billy somehow ended up between his legs jolting Steve with desire. It took a hand circling his wrist for him to realize he was gripping his shirt pulling it toward him with a death pull. Billy's tongue swirled around his a last time before he finally pulled back. Steve's eyes felt heavy as he opened them seeing Billy was still only inches from his face, he looked hungry.

But then he shook his head and when he spoke it was gruffer then Steve remembered it "Sorry this all just felt so right." He sat up from leaning over Steve giving him space. "Is more too much for now?"

His hand moved to rest on the side of Billy's face he wasn't sure how he was so calm after receiving that confession. "I wouldn't mind continuing another day on something more comfortable and private." This was perfect he wanted to leave him wanting him, wanted to keep him visiting him and besides he hadn't prepped himself to get any action.

"I guess this still counts as being in public huh, though I have more privacy here than my own home" he moved away from between Steve's legs to sitting next to him his shoulder just close enough to bump Steve's.

"You live with someone?"

"I have a cat."

"How are you still badass to me."

"Is owning a cat that weird"

"No its super cute" he couldn't hold back his laugh. "Who doesn't like cats."

“How about you come over on your next day off to meet her”

He could feel a blush growing “sounds good” Billy was still interested in him. “Oh wait that’s right, you have plants how are they doing.”

“I guess you’ll see them for yourself soon enough.”

The conversation stayed light after that though it seemed Billy was determined to be the one asking the questions this time. Most of it was about Steve’s food preferences which much to Billy’s irritation was mostly junk foods and to go meals. It felt nice to have someone besides Heather worry about him.

It took the sun being reduced to a sliver on the horizon for the mood to shift again. The coolness taking over finally caught Steve’s attention “The suns nearly gone.”

“I guess we should go before I end up trying to take you home tonight.”

“You are taking me home” it took him a moment to realize before he laughed “weather I let you in and to do what will be determined later.” With that promise they packed everything back into the plastic bag and got up to walk to the car. Billy’s hand brushed Steve’s as they slowly made their way.

The drive home was full of long glances and smiles that told the each other they were going to hold on to the other if only for a while.

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter kinda feels like a game of pin ball. Just hitting different areas fast but I was really worried about it getting to long and also didn’t want to cut anything cuz emotions I guess. And I’m sorry I was sloppy, a lot has being going not well and my mind was buzzing with some many thoughts that focusing was hard.

Also what’s up with the random dollar stores in the middle of nowhere or is that only around me.

On our 3rd date me and my bf got lost and ended up

at this park that had a big pond. No one was around cuz it had been a rainy cold fall day but yeah that was the date we had our first kiss. He's such an affection craving kinda guy I sometimes forget normal people aren't as open with asking for things in the beginning like he did.

Question/maybe Spoiler for next chapter: I was just gonna jump into the future for a nice smut scene or something idk

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Sex

Notes for the Chapter:

I didn't think anyone really reads the notes. Kinda been writing them with that mindset lol. Anyway this is a shorty compared to the first two chapters. I also posted just this chapter as a separate story for those people that just wanna see the action and move on to the next. So if u see it don't be mistaken it isn't new story; I did edit it a bit so it could 'read better'. Now if you read the other notes you know I've used my relationship as inspiration for the other chapters, I did not do that with this chapter lol.

5 months later

He carried an angry meowing Daisy across the bedroom, out the door and kept going; Steve sat up on the bed pulling his knees to his chest after scooting back to rest against Billy's plain wooden headboard, getting ready for a wait since he didn't know what was going to happen now. After a minute the unmistakable sound of a can being opened sounded from the kitchen and Daisy went silent. The sound of quick footsteps another minute later had Steve's heart speeding up again knowing what he was hurrying for.

Yet despite his rush back he stopped just through the doorway when he saw Steve sitting up still looking slightly bored. Billy may play at loving to see his bossy side come to life but he definitely hates feeling looked down on. Steve could already see the playful revenge playing out in his blue eyes, he knew he was horny and now he was going to purposefully stall. However he wasn't going to just let him play his games this time; So from his seated position he started to open his legs giving Billy a peek of his half hard dick while he held his gaze like a dare, he would know if he looked to what Steve was revealing to him. He had almost gone fully soft when Billy had left minutes ago

but the help of seeing his boyfriend dressed as he was now was more than enough to harden his member again.

He wore no shirt just jeans that were unbuttoned, he was sure Billy's again growing bulge was one of the only things keeping those jeans up. Steve took pride in that his current state was all of his doing. His smile reappeared noticing a naked Steve's ploy at knowing Billy was planning on stalling just to get back at him; so he put on his own show, like the tease he effortlessly is he started stretching both arms going up defining his tan abs and letting his pubes peak just above the zipper. It took everything in him to look away even when Billy laughed but he needed to end his prolonging tactic of exposition. "That should distract her for a while" he could hear the victory smile in his voice.

"You better not use her as an excuse for finishing early again" he finally looked back at him.

"Ouch what a harsh way to say you want more of my cock."

"Of course you see it that way" as the truth.

Walking with that supernatural energy he's always had he finally made his way over; Stopping at the foot of the bed hands pressed on the mattress as he leaned over looking him in the eye then down at what is between his still spread legs. One hand that'd been holding him up slipped around Steve's ankle just holding on to him rubbing his thumb over his skin before he easily pulled him halfway down the bed. Steve's free leg instinctually shot up landing back down more to the side spreading him further open, Billy took advantage crawling on the bed finding his place between Steve's legs. His knees moved up thighs wrapping around his sides as he pushed his covered bulge on his bare ass; He was almost fully hard again. "Where's the lube?" Steve's hands patted the sheets until they found the cooled bottle, some lube from Billy's sloppiness earlier coated the outside.

"Here."

He squirted some on his fingers rubbing it around then his hand disappeared in the gap he'd allowed between their body's; Two fingers prod at his entrance sliding knuckle deep easily, he couldn't

stop his gasp at being filled again but it still wasn't enough. Billy leaned down toward Steve the sides of their noses bumping before their lips met for a slowly kiss his tongue already teasing to lick into his mouth; that's when a third finger pushes Steve open further the feeling tears a moan from him that goes directly in Billy's mouth he laps it up slicking his tongue inside. Only for him to curl his fingers seconds after, Steve couldn't hold the raw moan as fingers hit his prostate without even needing to search for it. Unable to really kiss him Billy just moved his focus to his neck, his tongue pressed flat over his skin like the taste of it was delicious.

"Billy it feels fine. Ah, you already stretched me, no more games."

His tongue trailed up to his cheek before he pulled back eyes on Steve as he rubbed over his prostate grinding on it to see him moan louder "I'm leading."

He choked in a shaky breathe before he could speak "And I'm telling you to fuck me already."

"Love the bold you" he landed a peck to his lips sealing Steve's whimper in his mouth when he withdrew his fingers for the second time that day "what position?"

Billy still does all he can to get Steve to push back harder when he pokes him, most days he still makes it his purpose to make Steve give demands or make the first move. He was surprised when during their first time together he didn't make him put his dick inside himself and ride on it. "I wanna see you."

"You better not close your eyes then." Steve followed Billy's hands as he sat back lube in his grip again squirting a generous amount. He watches as his fingers push in the front of his jeans forcing the zipper and hem down as he reaches into them. Billy locks eyes with Steve as he pulls himself out stroking lube over his now visible cock.

It was a sight you'd think only existed in a fantasy but something was bugging him he was sure he was still wearing them to irritate him. Steve sat up pushing Billy's jeans down his thighs waiting for him to lift one knee at a time so he could push them till they were as far down as he could reach then Billy kicked them the rest of the way off

with a laugh. He laid back happy he was getting Billy just as he wanted him fully naked.

Billy leaned back over him keeping himself up on one elbow as his other hand pushed the back of one of Steve's knees exposing more of his ass to him. With a small motion forward of his hips his dickhead bumped near his entrance before he spoke in a low tone "Guide it to your hole."

Steve lifted his hand running his fingers down Billy's chest slowly feeling out his muscled body as he continued down his stomach feeling his breath hitch as his fingers were practically ghosting over his skin dangerously close to his dick. He finally reached to slip Billy's shaft between his fingers leading the head to his hole, flicking his eyes to his blue ones telling him he was ready.

Hips pushed forward slowly, Steve's mouth dropped around a silent moan at the feeling of Billy's dick pushing him open as his shaft slid through the fingers still holding it. He was losing his breathe the further he reached inside him. Steve's hand finally came back up gripping a tan shoulder just needing to hold something. When he bottomed out he stayed planted deep inside him allowing Steve to take a deep breath and adjust to Billy's girthy cock filling him up.

"Tell me when you're ready."

There was a slight burn there always was with Billy but by now it faded before he had a second thought about it; but Billy had already made himself busy his tongue working on Steve's nipple licking from it to his neck kissing his jaw when he reached, he almost didn't want to stop him. When he started to suck on his collar bone Steve knew he needed to stop him; "I'm good, start moving before my leg cramps" Billy's laugh vibrated over his skin the heat traveling over his throat.

"Eager today?"

"Give me what I need already." Billy's smile replaced his look of lust for a moment before his hips started pulling back and his white teeth sunk into his bottom lip. He pulled back till almost the tip remained then his hips snapped forward Steve's head shot back as the rest of

his body arched onto his thrust pushing himself onto Billy cock harder. He was already rolling his hips in another thrust before Steve's back hit the mattress again.

It took no time at all for Billy to find his pace drilling deep into him rubbing over his hot insides working moans out of him like he owned them ;Steve could feel his throat going sore already not needing to hold back in Billy's house.

His dick was only gracing over the bundle of nerves inside him, the feeling making his eyes water as his muscles clenched around Billy's length chasing a direct hit. He couldn't stop his name from falling out of his mouth like breathes "Billy." His free leg wrapped around the back of his tanned thigh uselessly trying to leverage it to pull Billy harder against him with every thrust.

A kiss like a burning coal seared his chest followed by three more before hitting his nipple again twisting it gently between his teeth before sucking it into his mouth to lap over it. Steve was dripping from the stimulation his whole body was buzzing close to the edge. His eyes closed focusing on Billy, inside him, tasting him, surrounding his every sense. Though he knew he couldn't cum from just this unless Billy had plans to work him over till his nerves were raw. His hands slipped from broad shoulders to sink into soft curls holding them and his head to his own chest before pushing him up.

Steve's eyes opened focusing on his boyfriend's face he had gotten caught up on his own orgasm he forgot he wanted to watch Billy fall apart fucking him. He was grunting moving rhythmically above Steve chest heaving, wet lips parted, hair wild and sticking to his face, Steve could smell his sweat, his blue eyes were half lidded and dark he looked on edge to. Noticing his staring he huffed a breathless "What?"

"Billy harder, you can finish inside." His pace stuttered as it sounded like he choked on air at hearing Steve's words; he's never let him cum inside before. His head moved to rest in the space above Steve's shoulder his face an inch from his neck breath raising goose bumps where it drifted over him. The arm that he'd used to prop himself up with moved down, rough fingers fumble over the inside of his pale thigh sliding up to push behind his knee to match the other lifting his

ass more and changing the angle his cock hit; Billy began desperately railing his hips against his ass as he started nailing into Steve just right.

Amongst huffs directly in his ear he whispers “can you untouched?”

“Yes” two more passes and he felt his rim twitch around Billy’s cock as he came whining out his name “fuck Billy”. He was cumming inside Steve a moment later.

He gave Steve a quick kiss “you have to let me cum inside more often.”

“We’ll see”

“Why are you still in bed? You waiting to go another round or are you actually tired? Cause me and Daisy are going to watch a movie if you want to join” Billy stood in the doorway again this time in pajamas.

Steve had been zoning out thinking about nearly nothing not sure if he was tired or hungry. “I bet we could get you another plant, I mean Daisy doesn’t seem to have an interest in the other two.”

“Right next thing you know you’re going to make my house into a forest likes yours, except everything will be half dead.”

In a sarcastic tone he let out a “ha ha”

“Better idea, when you move in from your shitty apartment you can just move your plants in and take care of them for us both.”

Steve perked up, Billy had always been so open and ready with him “who’s eager now?”

“Me, now come on and pick the movie, I’ll make the popcorn.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I do this thing where there’s ‘breaks’ here and there when they’re doing sex because that’s kinda normal.

I think it might be annoying for it in writing but it's just how I be my dudes.

I didn't do the best job with this 'story' as a whole but thank you if you read it and if you enjoyed it I'm glad. I don't think I'll do something like this again, I'll stick to much shorter stories hopefully.

Author's Note:

Ha you actually read that. Been losing motivation. It hurts to edit cause I have to read my own writing and look at my lacking skill in the face. And I keep premature posting before I even like what I've done.

Oh and who knew writing out sex scenes that are semi realistic and don't sound like a robotic research paper is far from easy (for me at least). That's why in trying out some of that nice fluffy shit before we get to that. You know a build up to make it seem better. Foreplay. A little fun before more fun. Emotional attachment that makes physical stuff details less important.